Iona Books Series no. 3

To Cousin Maggie
with best wishes.
from.
C. P. T. & M. K. T.

Xmas 1912

THE IONA BOOKS

Iona's lonely isle,
Where Scotland's kings are laid.

James Grahame.

Unto this place, albeit so small and poor, great homage shall yet be paid, not only by the kings and people of the Scots, but by the rulers of barbarous and distant nations with their people also. In great veneration too shall it be held by the holy men of other Churches.

St Columba.

This, dear children, is my last advice to you—that you preserve with each other sincere charity and peace.

St Columba.

In this little island a lamp was lit whose flame lighted pagan Europe. . . . Here Learning and Faith had their tranquil home. . . . And here Hope waits.

To tell the story of Iona is to go back to God, and to end in God.

Fiona Macleod.

E. L. McDougall.

A SCOTTISH ANTHOLOGY

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BY A. H. S.

(Annie Hunter Small)
a member of the Women's
Foreign Missionary Society)

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I. ANENT SCOTLAND AND PATRIOTISM

Upon the awful thistle she beheld,
And saw him guarded with a bush of spears:
Considering him so able for he wears
A radiant crown of rubies she him gave,
And said—"In field go forth and fend the lave."

William Dunbar, 1465-1530.

Scotia's sword beneath the Highland thistle shines.

Thomas Campbell, 1777-1844.

Thy guardian thistle to thy foemen stern.

James Gray.

Captive? Ah, still, to honour bright,
A captive soldier of the right!
Or, free and fighting, good with ill?
Unconquering but unconquered still!

Robert Louis Stevenson, 1850-1894.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth, as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.
O Caledonia, stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! What mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.

Sir Walter Scott.

WE have three gret awantagis.
The fyrst is, that we haf the rycht,
And for the rycht ay God will fycht,
The tothyr is, that thai cummyn ar,

For lyppyning of thair gret powar,
To sek us in our awine land;
And hes brocht her, rycht till our hand
Ryches in sa gret quantite
That the pourest of you sall be
Bath rych and mychty thar with all,
Giff that we wyne, as weill may fall.
The third is that we for our lyvis,
And for oure children, and for our wyvis,
And for our freedom, and for our land,
Ar strenyeit in battail for to stand.

John Barbour,
From "The Bruce."

"BEWARE, Boy of treachery. Three braver men than those who have fallen you will seldom meet with; but treason gave them faint hearts, and proved their ruin."

Robert Bruce.

THERE needs not a great soul to make a hero; there needs a God-created soul which will be true to its origin: that will be a great soul.

Thomas Carlyle.

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to Victorie!
Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power——
Chains and Slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a Slave?
Let him turn and flee!
Wha for Scotland's King and Law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
FREE-MAN stand, or FREE-MAN fa',
Let him on wi' me!

By Oppression's woes and pains!
By your Sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they *shall* be free!
Lay the proud Usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
LIBERTY's in every blow!—
Let us Do—or Die!!!

So may God ever defend the cause of Truth and Liberty, as He did that day. Amen!—R. B.

Robert Burns.

"THIS then is Edinburgh?" said the youth. . . .
"Even so," said the falconer; "yonder stands Auld Reekie—you may see the smoke hover over her at twenty miles' distance, as the goshawk hangs over a plump of young wild-ducks—ay, yonder is the heart of Scotland, and each throb that she gives is felt from the edge of Solway to Duncan's Bay Head."

Sir Walter Scott.

SONGS of my native land,
To me how dear!
Songs of my infancy,
Sweet to my ear!

Entwined with my youthful days,
Wi' the bonny banks and braes,
Where the winding burnie strays
Murmuring near.

Strains of my native land
That thrill the soul,
Pouring the magic of
Your self-control!
Often has your minstrelsy
Soothed the pang of misery,
Winging rapid thought away
To realms on high.

Caroline Baroness Nairne.

OH, why left I my hame?
Why did I cross the deep?
Oh, why left I the land
Where my forefathers sleep?
I sigh for Scotia's shore,
And I gaze across the sea,
But I canna get a blink
O' my ain countrie.

. . . . .

There's a hope for every woe,
And a balm for every pain,
But the first joys o' our heart
Come never back again.
There's a track upon the deep,
And a path across the sea;
But the weary ne'er return
To their ain countrie.

Robert Gilfillan.

TO Holyrood-house let me stray,
And gie to musing a' the day;
Lamenting what auld Scotland knew,
Bein days for ever from her view.
O Hamilton, for shame! the Muse
Would pay to thee her couthy vows,
Gin ye would tent the humble strain,
And gie's our dignity again!
For oh, wae's me! the thistle springs
In domicile o' ancient kings,
Without a patriot to regret
Our palace and our ancient state.[1]

Robert Fergusson.

REX Humanitas.
"Show me thy name, gude man, I thee command.
Johne the Commonweill.
Marry, Johne Commonweill of fair Scotland.
Rex.
The Commonweill has been amang his faes.
Johne.
Yes Sir, that gars the Commonweill want claes.
Rex.
What is the cause the Commonweill is crukit?
Johne.
Because the Commonweill has been o'erlukit.
Rex.
What gars thee look so with ane dreary heart?
Johne.
Because the three estates gang all backwart."

Sir David Lyndsay.

[1] King Edward and King George have graciously removed this stigma.

It was a summons to the people of Semur by name—myself at the head as Maire (and I heard afterwards that every man who saw it saw his own name. . .)—to yield their places, which they had not filled aright, to those who knew the meaning of life, being dead. "NOUS AUTRES MORTS"—these were the words which blazed out oftenest of all, so that every one saw them. And "Go!" this terrible placard said—"Go! leave this place to us who know the true signification of life." These words I remember, but not the rest, and even at this moment it struck me that there was no explanation, nothing but this *vraie signification de la vie.*

Mrs Oliphant ("*The Beleaguered City*").

OURE gold wes changyd in-to lede,
Cryst, borne into virgynyte,
Succour Scotland, and remede,
That stad is in perplexyte.

Andrew Wyntoun.

THEN said his lordship, "Well, God mend a'."
"Nay, Donald, we must help Him to mend it," said the other.

Thomas Carlyle.

GREAT souls are always loyally submissive,

Thomas Carlyle.

II. ANENT DAME NATURE

DAME NATURE

Sche ordained eik that every bird and beist,
Befoir her hienes suld aunone compeir,
And every flour of vertue, most and leist,
And every herb be field, fer and neir,
As they had wont in May, fro yeir to yeir,
To her their makar to mak obediens,
Full law inclynand with all dew reverens

William Dunbar.

SWEET was the smell of flouris quhyt and reid,
The nois of birdis rycht delitious,
The bewis brod blumyt abone my heid,
The growand with grasses gratious,
Of all plesans that place was plenteous
With sweet odours and birdis armonie,
The morning myld, my mirth was mair forthy.

The roses red arrayit, the rone and ryss,
The primrose and the purpure viola;
To heir, it was a point of paradyss,
Sie mirth, the mavis and the merle couth ma;
The blossomyss blyth brak up on bank and bra,
The smell of herbis, and of foulis the cry,
Contending quha suld have the victory.

Robert Henrysoun.

THESE (the seasons) as they change, Almighty Father,
These are but the varied God. The rolling year is full of Thee.

James Thomson.

MOST to me
The solitude of vast extent, untouched
By hand of art, where nature sowed herself,
And reaped her crops; whose garments were the clouds;
Whose minstrels brooks; whose lamps the moon and stars;
Whose organ choir the voice of many waters;
Whose banquets morning dews; whose heroes storms;
Whose warriors mighty winds; whose lovers flowers;

Whose orators the thunderbolts of God;
Whose palaces the everlasting hills;
Whose ceiling heaven's unfathomable blue;
And from whose rocky turrets battled high
Prospect immense spread out on all sides round,
Lost now beneath the welkin and the main,
Now walled with hills that slept above the storm.
Most fit was such a place for musing men,
Happiest sometimes when musing without aim.
It was indeed a wondrous sort of bliss
The lonely bard enjoyed when forth he walked,
Unpurposed; stood, and knew not why; sat down,
And knew not where; arose, and knew not when;
Had eyes, and saw not; ears, and nothing heard;
And sought—sought neither heaven nor earth—sought nought,
Nor meant to think; but ran meantime through vast
Of visionary things, fairer than aught
That was; and saw the distant tops of thoughts,
Which men of common stature never saw,
Greater than aught that largest worlds could hold,
Or give idea of, to those who read.
He entered into Nature's holy place,
Her inner chamber, and beheld her face
Unveiled; and heard unutterable things,
And incommunicable visions saw;
Things then unutterable, and visions then
Of incommunicable glory bright;
But by the lips of after-ages formed
To words, or by their pencil pictured forth;
Who, entering further in, beheld again,
And heard unspeakable and marvellous things,
Which other ages in their turn revealed,
And left to others greater wonders still.

Robert Pollock.

THE SKYLARK

BIRD of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth,
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!

James Hogg (*the Ettrick Shepherd*).

THE love of the dumb, unfailing, happy friend is so true, so to be depended on, is so free of what taints much of human love, that the loss of it ought never to be made light of.

Dr John Brown.

THE sufferings of the lower animals may, when out of sight be out of mind. But more than this, these sufferings may be in sight, and yet out of mind.

Thomas Chalmers, D.D.

I HEAR the beating of Nature's heart,
Heaven is before me—
God! Thou Art.

Robert Nicoll.

III. ANENT LOVE AND HAME

The shortest and sweetest of songs :

Come
Home.

George MacDonald.

BEHOLD a meeting scene
Of early love, and thence infer its worth.
Robert Pollock.

NOW, 'mid the general glow of opening blooms,
Coy maidens blush consent, nor slight the gift
From neighbouring fair brought home, till now refused.
Swains, seize the sunny hours to make your hay,
For woman's smiles are fickle as the sky:
Bespeak the priest, bespeak the minstrel too,
Ere May, to wedlock hostile, stop the banns.
James Grahame.

IT is good to have been young in youth and as years go on to grow older.
Robert Louis Stevenson.

COME all ye jolly shepherds
That whistle through the glen,
I'll tell ye of a secret
That courtiers dinna ken;
What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue o' man can name?
'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame.

'Tis not beneath the coronet,
Nor canopy of state,
'Tis not on couch of velvet,
Nor arbour of the great—
'Tis beneath the spreading birk,
In the glen without the name,
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie,
When the kye comes hame.

Then the blackbird bigs his nest
For the mate he lo'es to see,
And on the topmost bough,
O, a happy bird is he!
Then he pours his melting ditty,
And love is a' the theme,
And he'll woo his bonnie lassie,
When the kye comes hame.

When the blewart bears a pearl,
And the daisy turns a pea,
And the bonnie lucken gowan
Has fauldit up her e'e,
Then the lav'rock frae the blue lift
Draps down, and thinks nae shame,
To woo his bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame.

See yonder pawky shepherd
That lingers on the hill—
His yowes are in the fauld,
And his lambs are lying still;
Yet he downa gang to bed,
For his heart is in a flame
To meet his bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame.

When the little wee bit heart
Rises high in the breast,
And the little wee bit starn
Rises red in the east,
O there's a joy sae dear,
That the heart can hardly frame,
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie,
When the kye comes hame.

Then since all nature joins
In this love without alloy,
O, wha wad prove a traitor
To nature's dearest joy ?
O, wha wad choose a crown,
Wi' its perils and its fame,
And miss his bonnie lassie,
When the kye comes hame.
When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
'Tween the gloamin' and the mirk,
When the kye comes hame.

James Hogg (*the Ettrick Shepherd*).

GLOOMY winter's noo awa,
Saft the westlin' breezes blaw ;
'Mong the birks o' Stanley-Shaw,
The mavis sings fu' cheerie O.
Sweet the craw-flower's early bell
Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
Blooming like thy bonnie sel',
My young, my artless dearie O.
Come my lassie, let us stray,
O'er Glenkillock's sunny brae,
Blithely spend the gowden day
Midst joys that never wearie O.

Towering o'er the Newton woods,
Lav'rocks fan the snaw-white clouds;
Siller saughs, wi' downie buds,
Adorn the banks sae brierie O.
Round the sylvan fairy nooks,
Feathery brekans fringe the rocks,
'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
And ilka thing is cheerie O.

Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
Flowers may bloom, and verdure spring,
Joy to me they canna bring,
Unless wi' thee, my dearie, O.

Robert Tannahill.

MY Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,
The frost of hermit Age might warm;
My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind,
Might charm the first of humankind.

I love my Peggy's angel air,
Her face so truly heavenly fair,
Her native grace so void of art,
But I adore my Peggy's heart.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
The kindling lustre of an eye;
Who but owns their magic sway?
Who but knows they all decay?

The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
The generous purpose nobly dear,
The gentle look that rage disarms—
These are all Immortal charms.

Robert Burns.

FOR God's sake give me the young man who has brains enough to make a fool of himself.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

HOW blest he names, in love's familiar tone,
The kind fair friend by nature marked his own;
And in the waveless mirror of his mind,
Views the fleet years of pleasure left behind,
Since when her empire o'er his heart began—
Since first he called her his before the holy man.

Thomas Campbell.

IN women mekill comfort lyis,
And gret solace on mony wise.

John Barbour.

O WOMAN! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!

Sir Walter Scott.

SAE true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air;
His very foot has music in't
As he comes up the stair—
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet!

If Colin's weel, and weel content,
I hae nae mair to crave:
And gin I live to keep him sae,
I'm blest aboon the lave:

And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth, I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck aboot the hoose,
There's nae luck ava';
There's little pleasure in the hoose,
When our gudeman's awa'.

William Meickle.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent;
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a cantie day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

Robert Burns.

O HUSH thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright;
The woods and the glens, from the towers which we see,
They all are belonging, dear babie, to thee.
O ho ro, i ri ri, cadul gu lo,
O ho ro, i ri ri, cadul gu lo.

O, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.
O ho ro, i ri ri, cadul gu lo, etc.

O, hush thee, my babie, the time soon will come,
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.
O ho ro, i ri ri, cadul gu lo, etc.

Sir Walter Scott.

THEY are divine creatures, these children, and it was truly the Omniscient who said "Unless a man become as a little child he shall in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven":—or, in fact, into any *kingdom* worth having.

Dr John Brown.

WHILE the grave old father questioned on,
I marked his dome of forehead, time had wrinkled,
And to myself I kept my thoughts alone,
And the dog dreamed on, and the rushlight twinkled.

In him there was a faith serene and strong,
In me an unrest, like the rush of water;
Without there was a Credo hard and long,
Within there was a resolute Negatur.

Yet in his stern creed lay a tender heart,
The hush o'erlaid a wealth of human kindness

And love, that fain their wisdom would impart
To purge the young soul of its earthly blindness.

. . . . . .

I wot not what our later faiths may do
For us, what time our troubled lives may need them,
But through that stern old creed a nation grew
Toughest and stanchest in the fight of freedom.

W. C. Smith, D.D.

"BLESSIT be symple life withouten dreid,
Blessit be sober feast in quietie,
Quha hes aneuch of nae mair hes he neid,
Thocht it be lytil into quantitie.
Abondance great and blind prosperitie
Mak aftentimes a very ill conclusioun;
The sweetest lyfe therefore in this countrie,
Is sickerness and peace with small possessioun.

Friend, thy awin fire thocht it be but ane gleid,
Will warm thee weil, and is worth gold to thee;
And Solomon, the Sage, says, (gif ze reid,)
Under the hevin, I can nocht better see,
Then ay be blyth, and live in honestie:
Quhairfore I may conclude me with this reason—
Of early bliss it bears the best degree,
Blythness of heart, in peace, with small possessioun."

Robert Henrysoun.

IV. ANENT AULD LANG SYNE

Ye sons to comrades o' my youth,
Forgie an auld mau's spleen,
Wha midst your gayest scenes still mourns
The days he ance has seen.
When time has passed and seasons fled,
Your hearts will feel like mine;
And aye the sang wi' maist delight
That mind ye o' angsyne.

Miss Blamyre, 1747-1794.

"Is not the phrase 'Auld Lang Syne' exceedingly expressive?"
Robert Burns.

IN the days o' langsyne, when we carles were young,
An' nae foreign fashions amang us had sprung;
Where we made our ain bannocks, and brewed our ain yill,
An' were clad frae the sheep that gaed white on the hill;
O! the thocht o' thae days gars my auld heart aye fill!

In the days o' langsyne we were happy and free,
Proud lords on the land, and kings on the sea!
To our foes we were fierce, to our friends we were kind,
An' where battle raged loudest, you ever did find
The banner of Scotland float high in the wind!

In the days o' langsyne we aye ranted and sang
By the warm ingle side, or the wild braes amang;
Our lads busked braw, and our lassies looked fine,
An' the sun on our mountains seemed ever to shine;
O! where is the Scotland o' bonnie langsyne?

In the days o' langsyne ilka glen had its tale,
Sweet voices were heard in ilk breath o' the gale;
An' ilka wee burn had a sang o' its ain,
As it trotted alang through the valley or plain;
Shall we e'er hear the music o' streamlets again?

In the days o' langsyne there were feasting and glee,
Wi' pride in ilk heart, and joy in ilk e'e;
And the auld, 'mang the happy, their eild seemed to tyne,
It was your stoup the nicht, and the morn 'twas mine:
O! the days o' langsyne!—O! the days o' langsyne.

Robert Gilfillan.

A GOOD that never satisfies the mind,
A beauty fading like the April flowers,
A sweet with floods of gall that runs combined,
A pleasure passing ere in thought made ours,

A honour that more fickle is than wind,
A glory at opinions frown that lowers,
A treasury which bankrupt time devours,
A knowledge than grave ignorance more blind,
A vain delight our equals to command,
A style of greatness, in effect a dream,
A swelling thought of holding sea and land,
A servile lot, decked with a pompous name;
Are the strange ends we toil for here below,
Till wisest death makes us our errors know.

. . . . . .

Therefore as doth the pilgrim whom the night
Hastes darkly to imprison on his way.
Think on thy home (my soul) and think aright,
Of what's yet left thee of life's wasting day;
Thy sun posts westward, passed is thy morn,
And twice it is not given thee to be born.

William Drummond of Hawthornden.

TIME rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
And told our marvelling boyhood legend's store
Of their strange ventures happ'd by land and sea,
How are they blotted from the things that be!
How few, all weak and wither'd of their force,
Wait on the verge of dark eternity,
Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,
To sweep them from our sight! Time rolls his ceaseless course.

Sir Walter Scott.

LANGSYNE!—how doth the word come back
With magic meaning to the heart,
As memory roams the sunny track,
From which hope's dreams were loath to part!

No joy like by-past joy appears;
For what is gone we fret and pine.
Were life spun out a thousand years,
  It could not match Langsyne!

Langsyne!—the days of childhood warm,
When, tottering by a mother's knee,
Each sight and sound had power to charm,
And hope was high, and thought was free.
Langsyne!—the merry schoolboy days—
How sweetly then life's sun did shine!
Oh! for the glorious pranks and plays,
  The raptures of Langsyne.

Langsyne!—yes, in the sound I hear
The rustling of the summer grove;
And view those angel features near
Which first awoke the heart to love.
How sweet it is in pensive mood,
At windless midnight to recline,
And fill the mental solitude
  With spectres from Langsyne!

. . . . .

Langsyne!—the heart can never be
Again so full of guileless truth;
Langsyne!—the eyes no more shall see,
Ah, no, the rainbow hopes of youth.
Langsyne!—with thee resides a spell
To raise the spirit, and refine.
Farewell!—There can be no farewell
  To thee, loved, lost Langsyne!

D. M. Moir (*Delta*).

WOULD you be young again?
So would now I—
One tear to memory given,
Onward I'd hie.
Life's dark flood forded o'er,
All but at rest on shore,
Say, would you plunge once more
With home so nigh?

If you might, would you now
Retrace your way?
Wander through thorny wilds,
Faint and astray?
Night's gloomy watches fled,
Morning all beaming red,
Hope's smiles around us shed,
Heavenward—away.

Where are they gone, of yore
My best delight?
Dear and more dear, though now
Hidden from sight.
Where they rejoice to be,
There is the land for me;
Fly, time, fly speedily;
Come life and light!

Caroline Baroness Nairne.

THE more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages:
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth
Ere passion yet disorders,

Steals lingering like a river smooth
Along its grassy borders.

But as the careworn cheek grows wan,
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
Ye Stars, that measure life to man,
Why seem your courses quicker?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath,
And life itself is vapid,
Why, as we reach the Falls of Death,
Feel we its tide more rapid?

It may be strange—yet who would change
Time's course to slower speeding,
When one by one our friends have gone
And left our bosoms bleeding?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
Indemnifying fleetness;
And those of youth a seeming length,
Proportioned to their sweetness.

Thomas Campbell.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne?

Chorus—For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint stoup!
And surely I'll be mine!
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pou'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary fitt,
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.

And there's a hand, my trusty fere!
And gie's a hand o' thine!
And we'll tak' a right gude willie-waught,
For auld lang syne.

Robert Burns.

V. ANENT RELIGION IN SCOTLAND

The Kirk
The Minister
The Bible
The Evangel
The Sabbath
The Sacraments
The History
The End

Land where Religion paves her heavenward road,
Land of the temple of the living God!

James Gray.

Nothing can inspire religious duty or animation but Religion.

Lord Cockburn.

The highest piety seems to win its way as unconsciously as the finest tact.

Sir W. W. Hunter.

ALL hail, Religion! maid divine!
Pardon a muse sae mean as mine,
Who in her rough, imperfect line
Thus daurs to name thee;
To stigmatise false friends of thine
Can ne'er defame thee.

Tho' blotch't and foul wi' mony a stain,
An' far unworthy of thy train,
With trembling voice I tune my strain,
To join with those
Who boldly dare thy cause maintain
In spite of foes.

Robert Burns.

The Kirk

IN the middle of the village stood the kirk, a humble edifice, which meekly raised its head but a few degrees above the neighbouring houses. It was, however, graced by an ornament of peculiar beauty. Two fine old ash-trees, which grew at the east end, spread their protecting arms over its lowly roof, and served all the uses of a steeple and a belfry; for on one of the loftiest of these branches was the bell suspended which on each returning Sabbath

"Rang the blest summons to the House of God."

Mrs Hamilton.

The Minister

MOST earnest was his voice! Most mild his look,
As with raised hands he blessed his parting flock.
He is a faithful pastor of the poor;
He thinks not of himself; his Master's words,
"Feed, feed my sheep," are ever in his heart,
The Cross of Christ is aye before his eyes.

James Grahame.

MODERATOR, rax me that Bible!

Dr Erskine
A Challenge for Foreign Missions.

HE expressed a wish that I should read to him, and when I asked from what book, he said—"Need you ask? There is but one." *J. G. Lockhart.*

THE priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or, how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or wrapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in Heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay His head:
How His first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heaven's command. *Robert Burns.*

I HOPE something may come to preserve for us some fragments of the old race that gave us the "Cottar's Saturday Night." *Dr John Ker.*

THOU doubly-precious Book!
Unto thy light what Scotland doth not owe;
Thou teachest Age to die,
And Youth in truth unsullied up to grow;
In lowly homes a Comforter art Thou;
A sunbeam sent from God, an everlasting bow!

O'er thy clear ample page
How many dim and aged eyes have pored;
How many hearts o'er thee
In silence deep and holy have adored;
How many mothers by their infants' bed
Thy Holy, Blessed, Pure, Child-loving words have read!

And o'er thee soft young hands
Have oft in truthful plighted love been join'd;
And Thou to wedded hearts
Hast been a bond—an altar of the mind:—
Above all kingly power or kingly law:
May Scotland reverence aye THE BIBLE OF THE HA'.

Robert Nicoll.

THE EVANGEL

EVEN such, dear brethren, is the blessed Evangel of our Lord Jesus; for the more that it be entreated, the more comfortable and the more pleasant is it to such as do hear, read, and exercise the same.

John Knox.

IF you would increase much in holiness, and be strong against the temptations to sin, this is the only art of it, view much, and so seek to know much, of the death of Jesus Christ.

Archbishop Leighton.

I HAVE indeed found that the only deliverance for man lies in the living union of God with humanity, and not an historical matter, but an eternal spiritual order.

Thomas Erskine.

THE religion suitable for fallen man, the religion of redemption and redeeming love, is eminently distinguished, intensely pervaded, by personality.... Christ, accepting all these their diversities,—"fills them all" with Himself.

"... It is the Christ of the Gospel History that liveth in you."

Hugh Martin, D.D.

I REALLY cannot share your longings for intellectual Goliaths to confront the Goliaths of scepticism—not that I do not think such persons useful in their way, but because I think Christianity far more impressive as a life than as a speculation, and the West Port Evangelism of Dr Chalmers far more effective than his astronomical discourses.

John Cairns, D.D.

I SHOULD like to see a short, clear symbol guarding the *life* of Christianity, and leaving freedom in all else.

John Ker, D.D.

WHAT is Christianity? It is the belief in the inexhaustible love of God for man. What is human existence? It is not probation, it is education.

Thomas Erskine.

ALL religion is in the change from He to Thou. It is a mere abstraction as long as it is He. Only with the Thou we know God.

Thomas Erskine.

The Sabbath

WITH silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
That scarcely wakes while all the fields are still;
A soothing calm on every breeze is borne,
A graver murmur echoes from the hill,
And softer sings the linnet from the thorn;
The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill.
Hail, light serene! hail, sacred Sabbath morn!
The sky a placid yellow lustre throws;
The gales that lately sighed along the grove
Have hushed their drowsy wings in dead repose;
The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move:
So soft the day when the first morn arose!

John Leyden

OH, Scotland! much I love thy tranquil dales;
But most on Sabbath eve, when low the sun
Slants through the upland copse, 'tis my delight
Wandering and stopping oft, to hear the song
Of kindred praise arise from humble roofs;
Or when the simple service ends, to hear
The lifted latch, and mark the gray-haired man,
The father and the priest, walk forth alone
Into his garden-plot or little field,
To commune with his God in secret prayer—
To bless the Lord, that in his downward years
His children are about him: sweet, meantime,
The thrush that sings upon the aged thorn,
Brings to his view the days of youthful years,
When that same aged thorn was but a bush.
Nor is the contrast between youth and age
To him a painful thought; he joys to think
His journey near a close; heaven is his home.

James Grahame.

The Sacrament

THE Lord's Supper is the sweetest of all ordinances . . . because Christ is the beginning, middle, and end of it.

. . . . . .

When the minister offers the Bread and Wine to those at the table, this represents Christ freely offered. . . .

The receiving of the Bread and Wine means—I do thankfully receive the broken, bleeding Saviour as my surety. . . .

Just such, beloved, is the meaning of receiving broken bread and poured out wine at the Lord's Table. It is the most solemn appropriating act of all your lives.

R. M. M'Cheyne.

IT is required of them that would worthily partake of the Lord's Supper, that they examine themselves of their knowledge to discern the Lord's body; of their faith to feed upon Him; of their repentance, love, and new obedience; lest, coming unworthily, they eat and drink judgment to themselves.

The Shorter Catechism.

HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;
Here would I touch and handle things unseen,
Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

Here would I feed upon the bread of God,
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sins forgiven.

This is the hour of banquet and of song;
  This is the heavenly table spread for me;
Here let me feast and feasting, still prolong
  The brief bright hour of fellowship with Thee.

Horatius Bonar, D.D.

O LORD! munificent, benign,
  How many mercies have been mine
  Since last I met with Thee
In that blest ordinance of thine—
The holy feast of Bread and Wine
  Which was enjoyed by me.

. . . . .

How many purposes have fail'd!
How many doubts my heart assail'd!
  And held my spirit fast:
How many sins have been bewail'd!
How many follies have prevail'd!
  Since I confess'd the last.

But still to Thee my spirit springs,
And underneath thy sheltering wings
  A safe asylum seeks:
For this memorial sweetly brings
Remembrance of Thy sufferings,
  And all Thy kindness speaks:

And, like a little child, I lay
My spirit at Thy feet, and say,
  "Lord, take it, it is Thine:
Teach it to trust, to fear, to pray—
Feed it with love by night and day,
  And let Thy will be mine."

John Bethune.

SOMETHING within me always rises and says: Thou hast a better portion in the North than all these things if thou only knewest it. Thy God, thy Father's God, hath wrought nobler things in Scotland than any that are here. I know not altogether what it is, unless it be the feeling that there is nothing in our existing Scottish Church that one cannot find in Scripture, and that there is nothing in our history that does not speak of conscience and of independence. I come to no bit of Revelation which is not illustrated or exemplified somewhere in our worship and our faith; but I also find no demand made on integrity, or truth, or courage, or self-sacrifice which has not been answered, and thrice answered by the lives of our ministers and our people. The former part of this grand claim can be urged, perhaps with equal force, by England. It is in the latter part that Scotland's glory lies. To have welcomed truth—that is England's honour as it is ours. But to have rejected all that is untrue, Scotland has done that for me: would God that I might do it now for her.

R. W. Barbour.

OUR Church history is a long gallery of splendid lives. In her many and various ages, our house has never yet wanted for a man. But they were all given when Knox came. In each of the after lives he lives again. In Melville we had his courage, grasp of character, and transparent candour; in Henderson, his indomitable perseverance and heroic endurance of suffering; in Rutherford, his clear logic and fervent love; in Leighton, his faculty in Scripture and teacher's art; in Chalmers, his grand conception of the nation's needs and the Church's Mission, and his grander gift of sacrifice.

R. W. Barbour.

A Heretic

OUTCAST now from its fellowship,
Still to the Kirk he fondly clung,
And often he said, with quivering lip,
How good it was when the bell was rung,
To go where the grand old Psalms were sung,
And to be where lowly hearts were bent
In prayer and holy Sacrament;
For the Kirk made brave and earnest men,
And he loved her now as he loved her then.
So he lived on, the meekest saint,
Nor wasted his life in vain complaint,
Nor formed another sect to claim
That it was the true Jerusalem,
And rear its altars in his name;
But gathered around him thoughtful youth,
Inspiring them with the love of truth,
And to look for guidance from above,
And to believe that God is love.

. . . . .

And many a pulpit in the land
Ere long was quickened by his faith,
And sounded forth the message grand
That Love had vanquished sin and death,
That God had been a little Child,
And walked with sinners, undefiled,
And with the wicked had made His grave,
That grace and hope might come to all,
And all might join the battle brave
Who heard and would obey His call.

W. C. Smith, D.D.

The End

"DOES the morning or the evening light suit such a place best, Malcolm?" (in a churchyard).

The pupil thought for a while.

"The evenin' licht, sir," he answered at length, "for ye see the sun's deein' like, an' deith's like a fa'in' asleep, an' the grave's the bed, an' the sod's the bed-claes, an' there's a lang nicht to the fore."

"Are ye sure o' that, Malcolm?"

"It's the wye folk thinks an' says aboot it, sir."

"Or maybe doesna think, an' only says?"

"Maybe, sir; I dinna ken."

"Come here, Malcolm," said Mr Graham, and took him by the arm, and led him towards the east end of the church, where a few tombstones were crowded against the wall, as if they would press close to a place they might not enter.

"Read that," he said, pointing to a flat stone, where every hollow letter was shown in high relief by the growth in it of a lovely moss.... The inscription stood as it were in the hand of Nature herself—"*He is not here; he is risen. . . .*"

"If he is risen—if the sun is up, Malcolm—then the morning and not the evening is the season for the place of tombs; the morning when the shadows are shortening and separating, not the evening when they are growing all into one. . . ."

"But, sir, isna deith a dreadfu' thing?"

"That depends on whether a man regards it as his fate, or as the will of a perfect God. Its obscurity is its dread; but if God be light, then death itself must be full of splendour—a splendour probably too keen for our eyes to receive."

George MacDonald.

VI. ANENT CHRIST'S CROWN AND THE COVENANT

The Covenants, the Covenants, shall yet be Scotland's reviving.

Last words, on the scaffold, of James Guthrie, 1661.

When the wheat-corn is fallen into the ground, then doth it most multiply.

John Knox, 1505-1560.

THE solemn League and Covenant
Now brings a smile, now brings a tear;
But sacred Freedom, too, was theirs:
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneer.

Robert Burns.

THIS is the chief and principal cause of my comfort and consolation in these most dolorous days, that neither can our infirmities nor daily desperation hinder or let Christ Jesus to return to us again.

John Knox.

THEREFORE, sir, as divers times before I have told you, so now again I must tell you, there are two kings and two kingdoms in Scotland: there is King James the head of this Commonwealth, and there is Christ Jesus, the King of the Church, whose subject King James VI. is, and of whose kingdom he is not a king, nor a lord, nor a head, but a member.

Andrew Melville.

"THESE poor persecuted Scotch Covenanters," said I to my inquiring Frenchman, in such stinted French as stood at command, "*ils s'en appelaient à*——"
"*A la Postérité*," interrupted he, helping me out——
"*Ah, Monsieur, non, millefois non!* They appealed to the Eternal God; not to Posterity at all! *C'était différent.*"

Thomas Carlyle.

FAITH is the better of the sharp winter storm in its face.

Smuel Rutherford.

GRACE groweth best in winter.

Samuel Rutherford.

BEHOLD
Gray mossy stones, in each sequester'd dell.
Mark where the champions of the Covenant fell.
For rights of faith unconquerably bold!

D. M. Moir (Delta).

Martyr's Hymn

"The glory of children are their fathers."—Prov. xvii. 6.

THERE was gladness in Zion, her standard was flying,
Free o'er her battlement, glorious and gay;
All fair as the morning shone forth her adorning,
And fearful to foes was her godly array.

There is mourning in Zion, her standard is lying
Defiled in the dust to the spoiler a prey;
And now there is wailing, and sorrow prevailing,
For the best of her children are weeded away.

The good have been taken, their place is forsaken;
The man and the maiden, the green and the grey;
The voice of the weepers wails over the sleepers,
The martyrs of Scotland that now are away!

The hue of her waters is crimson'd with slaughters,
The blood of the martyrs has redden'd the clay;
And dark desolation broods over the nation,
For the faithful are perished, the good are away!

On the mountains of heather they slumber together;
On the wastes of the moorland their bodies decay;
How sound is their sleeping, how safe is their keeping,
Though far from their kindred they moulder away.

Their blessings shall hover their children to cover,
Like the cloud of the desert, by night, and by day;
Oh, never to perish, their names let us cherish,
The martyrs of Scotland that now are away!

Horatius Bonar, D.D.

WOE! Woe to the time when to the heath-bell
The seed of the covenant sing their farewell,
And leave the mount written with martyr story,
The sun beaming bright in his bridegroom glory;
And leave the green birks, and the long flowering broom,
The breath of the woodland steep'd rich in perfume;
And barter our life's sweetest flour for the bran,
The glory of God for the folly of man.

Allan Cunningham.

VII. ANENT ASPIRATIONS FOR THE DAYS TO COME

Blythely wad he bang out o'er the brae,
And stand o'er burns as licht as ony rae,
Hoping the morn micht prove a better day.

Allan Ramsay, 1686-1758.

The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw.

William Meickle, 1734-1788.

IN my sad days, Christ laugheth cheerfully, and saith, "All will be well."

Samuel Rutherford.

O THERE'S naught frae ruin my country can save,
But the keys o' kind heaven to open the grave,
That a' the noble martyrs wha died for loyaltie,
May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.
Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The great are now gane, a' wha ventured to save,
The new grass is springing on the tap o' their grave;
But the sun through the mirk blinks blithe in my e'e,
"I'll shine on ye yet, in yere ain countrie."
Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
Hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

Allan Cunningham.

IF there were somewhere about our soul a something which was not gone to sleep like the rest; if there were contending force anywhere, if we would even let that work instead of neglecting it, it would gain strength from hour to hour and wake up one at a time each torpid and disordered faculty, till our whole nature became alive with strivings against self, and every avenue was open wide for God.

Henry Drummond.

REFORMS are tender plants: they flourish only on stubborn effort, on broken clods of patient toil, on showers of secret tears, on the irresistible sunlight of the Almighty's smile.

R. W. Barbour.

THERE is in faith sound logic . . . in earnestness there is a deep divination.

James Hamilton, D.D.

IT is not until every act in life is imbued with moral purpose, with gratefulness and truthfulness, and governed by the sense that it is done unto God and not unto men, that real morality is reached.

John Ruskin.

OUT of eternity
This new day is born:
Into eternity
At night will return.

Thomas Carlyle.

YE noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while,
And what your bounded view which only saw
A little part, deem'd evil, is no more:
The storm of Wintry time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

James Thomson.

WE have a double witness to bear in this as in every generation. One half of the witness stretches backward to the Cross and proclaims—"Christ has come": the other reaches onward to the Throne and proclaims—"Christ will come." Between these two high uplifted piers swings the chain of the world's history.

Alexander M'Laren, D.D.

HEAVEN'S immortal Spring shall yet arrive,
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright through the eternal year of Love's triumphant reign.

James Beattie.

THE door
By which the poor or pilgrim never passed
Still open, speaks the Master's bounteous heart.

Michael Bruce.

LOVE the love that did for His Love die,
All love is lost but upon God alone.

William Dunbar.

HIGH Thoughts!
They visit us,
In moments when the soul is dim and darken'd,
They come to bless,
After the vanities to which we hearken'd:
When weariness hath come upon the spirit,
(Those hours of darkness which we all inherit)—
Bursts there not through a glint of warm sunshine,
A wingèd thought which bids us not repine!
In joy and gladness,
In mirth and sadness,
Come signs and tokens;
Life's angel brings
Upon its wings,
Those bright communings,
The soul doth keep—
Those thoughts of Heaven so pure and deep.

Robert Nicoll.

"If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God."

HIGHER still, and higher!
Oh, to leave the clouds below,
And the creeping mists that throw
Doubt on all the way we go
As we would aspire
Higher still, and higher!

Higher still, and higher!
Ah! how little way I make,
Plunging where the black bogs quake,
Slowly hewing through the brake
Tangled with old briar?—
Higher still, and higher!

Higher still, and higher!
Courage! look not down to see
How high thy footing now may be,
Upward set thy face where He
Calls thee to come nigher,
Higher still, and higher!

Higher still, and higher!
Lo! the sun is sinking fast,
And lengthening shades are round thee cast;
Let not thy heart fail at the last;
'Tis no time to tire—
Higher still, and higher!

Higher still, and higher!
Sweet the air is pure and clear,
And the Lord is ever near,
Yonder where the songs I hear
And the golden lyre—
Higher still, and higher!

Higher still, and higher!
What, if death be standing right
In thy way, and dreadful night?
All beyond is life and light,
And thy soul's desire—
Higher still, and higher!

W. C. Smith, D.D.

THE streamer'd flags of far spread realms shall meet,
And hail each other in communion sweet;
Brothers in heart; all jealous fears subdued,
Love's severed links harmoniously renewed;
The South shall hail the North, and East with West
Embracing, own one feeling, and be blest.

D. M. Moir (Delta).

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